

Adair County News

VOLUME XIV

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY FEBRUARY 7, 1922

NUMBER 16

Kime-Conover

Miss Hillious Marie Kime and Henry Conover were united in marriage at the Methodist parsonage at Medina, Friday, the ring ceremony being performed by Rev. Bryenton. There were no guests but the bride was attended by Ogretta Culbertson while Russell Emig acted as best man. Miss Kime wore a brown suit and hat to match while Miss Culbertson was also in brown. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Conover left for Cleveland where they remained for a few days, going to West Salem where they will live with the bride's grandmother. Mrs. Repp. Mr. Conover, who is proprietor of a restaurant at West Salem, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Conover, Grandview-ave. Mrs. Conover the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kime, also of Grandview-ave., was graduated from Wadsworth High school in 1917. After completing a business course she was engaged in office work, the last having been with the Wadsworth Salt Co. Best wishes are extended to the couple.—The Wadsworth Banner-Press.

Mrs. S. P. Miller and Mrs. J. F. Patteson Entertained.

Mrs. S. P. Miller and J. F. Patteson entertained at six o'clock dinner, on Thursday, Feb. 2, at the beautiful home of Dr. and Mrs. Miller, on Bomar Heights. The house was beautifully decorated in pot plants. The color scheme of pink and green were carried out in the four course dinner. After dinner the evening was spent in music and old-fashioned games. The invited guests were: Mesdames J. N. Coffey, Herbert Taylor, Gordon Montgomery, Allen Walker, O. C. Hamilton, Barksdale Hamlett, Fred Hill, George Stultz, Bruce Montgomery, W. A. Coffey, W. R. Myers, Sale Coffey, Eros Barger, A. D. Patteson, J. P. Miller, J. P. Hutchison, W. J. Flowers, Chelcie Barger, W. B. Patteson, Richard Dohoney, John Lee Walker, Fred Myers, Lee Grissom, John D. Lowe, J. O. Russell, Lanie Staples and O. P. Miller, Evansville, Ind.

Card Party.

One of the most delightful events of the season was the 500 party given by Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Hill at their hospitable home on Tuesday evening. Games were enjoyed till a late hour when a delicious lunch of salads, sandwiches and hot chocolate were served. Those present were: Miss Minnie Triplett, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Eros Barger, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Cravens, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Reed, Mr. Irwin Fraser, Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Russell, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Flowers.

Birthday Dinner.

Miss Lucile Patteson entertained a few of her friends at dinner on her tenth birthday Feb. 5th. The following were present: Elizabeth Montgomery, Nancy Montgomery Cathryn Russell, Faith True Phillips, Ralph Chiff, Russell Miller, Todd Jeffries and Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Coffey.

Lost.

A primer, with the names of Woodruff and Mary Walker Flowers in it. Finder will please return it to them as they prize their first school book.

The announcement of the birth of their daughter Bessie Helen, Jan. 27, has just been received from Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Walker, of Bradfordsville, Kentucky.

Columbia Lodge No. 96 will meet next Friday night. Work in the first. Columbia Chapter Friday night following. Work in the Mark Master.

An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Rollin Stephenson died last Saturday night.

Mrs. Sam Bryant gave birth to a still born child Jan. 30th. She is still in a serious condition.

A Birthday Dinner.

On February 2, Mrs. Anna L. Walker very delightfully entertained in honor of her birthday.

All of her children and their families being present, except a son and daughter, who reside away from here. Though absent they were not forgotten. We missed them and wished they could have been with us. The others present were: Mesdames Nannie Flowers, Mary Caldwell, W. T. McFarland and Miss Sallie Diddle. The dinner was lovely. Everything heart could wish and so daintily served by her daughters. She received several nice, useful presents, one being a new broom, which I am sure will always sweep clean for Mrs. Walker. The weather was ideal the sun shining in all its splendor, notwithstanding his majesty, the groundhog was to come forth. The time to say goodbye came too soon, all proclaiming they had spent a lovely day and wishing Mrs. Walker many happy returns of the day.

A Guest.

Strayed, from my place, a red sow will weigh 200 pounds, marked in both ears. Will pay a reward.

Charley Tupman.

Died in Texas.

Relatives here have been notified that J. H. Walker, who was familiarly called Judge, died in Hillsboro, Texas, Tuesday, January 31, a victim of pneumonia. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Scott Walker, his parents being natives of Columbia. He was a nephew of Mrs. Rena Paul and Mrs. P. W. Dohoney, this place. He was about 45 years old.

Missionary Meeting.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church will meet in the annex of the church, February 7, at 2:30 p. m. All members expected to be present and visitors cordially invited. Bible Lesson: Heralds of a New Day. Literary Topic: Havana, Cuba. Uncle Sam gave Cuba political freedom, the church must give her spiritual freedom. Come to the Missionary Society and hear how we are doing it.

Rev. Jos. E. Fulton, of Burnside, Ky., will preach at the Baptist church Sunday, Feb. 12th. Every body invited.

Boost.

Boost your city, boost your friend, Boost the lodge that you attend. Boost the street on which you're dwelling. Boost the goods that you are selling. Boost the people 'round about you. They can't get along without you; But success will quicker find them. If they know that you're behind them. Boost for every forward movement. Boost for every new improvement. Boost the man for whom you labor. Boost the stranger and the neighbor. Cease to be a chronic knocker. Cease to be a progress blocker. If you'd make your city better Boost it to the final letter.

New Building Going Up.

Mr. N. M. Tuttle has started quite an extensive building on the alley, left side, just above the Baptist church. The foundation has been laid and the lumber is on the ground. It will be 80 feet long and 40 feet wide. At this time Mr. Tuttle does not know for what it will be used. It will suit for a picture show, or a tobacco factory, and the floors could be made for a skating rink. It would also make quite a commodious machine shop. The work will be completed this coming spring.

Notice.

The firm of Hutchison & Patteson has dissolved partnership and all notes and accounts must be settled at once. 15-26 Hutchison & Patteson.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

DE OLE OMAN BIN WEAHIN' MOU'NIN' TWELL MISS LUCY GIB 'ER DAT LOUD WAIS' TOTHER DAY EN LAW. MAN! SHE AIN' WEAHIN' MOU'NIN' NO MO'--CEP'N JES' FUM DE WAIS' DOWN!!



Shooting at Greensburg.

Last Tuesday afternoon a shooting occurred on the public square in Greensburg, in which E. Z. Taylor, who is the assistant cashier of the Peoples' Bank, that place, shot James Skaggs three times about the body. Taylor is a young married man and Skaggs, who is about 20 years old, is single. He is a grandson of H. O. Smith, who many years ago, resided in Columbia. His father died ten or twelve years ago, and less than a year ago J. M. Howell, who is now the sheriff of Green county, married his mother.

When the news reached here it was announced that Skaggs was killed, but subsequently that report was corrected—that he was living and would probably recover.

Taylor was arrested but immediately let go.

It is said here that the cause of the trouble was interfering with family affairs, but the truth of the cause will not be brought out until the examining trial.

Red top, clover and orchard grass seed for sale by J. F. Neat. See him before you buy.

Today.

Sure, this world is full of trouble—I ain't said it ain't. Lord! I've had enough, an' double, Reason for complaint, Rain an' storm have come to fret me, Skies were often gray; Thorns an' brambles have beset me On the road—but, say, Ain't it fine today? What's the use of always weepin', Makin' trouble last? What's the use of always keepin' Thinkin' of the past? Each must have his tribulation, Water with his wine. Life it ain't no celebration. Trouble! I've had mine—But today is fine.

It's today that I am livin' Not a month ago. Havin', losin', takin' givin', As-time wills it so. Yesterday a cloud of sorrow Fell across the way; It may rain again tomorrow, It may rain—but, say, Ain't it fine today?

All the Brethren of Gradyville Lodge No. 251 F. & A. M., and brethren of other lodges of same order, are requested to be present at the next regular meeting, Feb. 11th, 1922, as there is work in the first and second degrees.

E. R. Baker, Sec.

Plant beds are burning all over the county, and from statements we get from farmers, there will be a large tobacco crop put out in Adair county. Last year there was not more than a half crop set, but this year it will be unusually large. Both dark and Burley will be grown in this county.

Adair County News, \$1.50 per year

Basket Ball Games.

An exciting game of basket ball played at the High School Gym last Friday night. The contending teams were Russell Springs school team against the Graded school team. The first half was remarkably fast and excitement ran high, but it showed that the local school team was in the lead and opinions were freely expressed that it would win out. The second half was not so fast, and when the game closed the Graded School had 48 scores to its credit and Russell Springs 15. Good order prevailed. A large audience was present.

Miss Leland Cox, aged 23, who killed her father, Crum Cox, in Taylor county, a few weeks ago, was given an examining trial last week and was held in the sum of \$5,000. She readily gave the bond, a number of prominent farmers, of Taylor county, signing same.

W. G. McKinney, who lives in the alley, near Tate Turpen's shop, was arrested by Deputy Sheriff S. F. Coffey and Town Marshal Collins last Friday morning, charged with bootlegging liquor. The case was called in Judge Jeffries court in the afternoon, the defendant waving an examination. The Judge fixed his bond at \$300 and the case goes until the March term of the Adair circuit court.

Mr. James Cole, our Cumberland county agent, lost a very fine young mare a few days since.

For Teachers.

Dear Superintendent:

As required by law the State Board of Education has selected the following texts upon which the questions on pedagogy for the coming year will be based:

(1) For Elementary Teacher's Certificate: "The Classroom Teacher" by Strayer and Engelhardt, published by the American Book Company, Cincinnati. Publishers' price F. O. B. Cincinnati—\$1.48.

(2) For State Certificate, State Diploma, and High School Certificate: "Methods of Teaching in High Schools" by Parker, published by Ginn & Company, Columbus, Ohio. Publishers' price F. O. B. Columbus—\$1.50.

All questions for teachers' examinations on the subject of Theory and Practice for the year 1922 will be based upon these texts, the Course of Study, and School Law. Please give this publicity through your local papers and make announcement to your teachers at the earliest possible date in order that they may prepare.

Very truly,

Warren Peyton
State Examiner of Teachers

For Sale.

A house and lot in Columbia on Jamestown Street. See Barger Bros.

Rev. McGehee, of Union City, Tenn. filled the pulpit at the Baptist church last Sunday. A fair audience was out.

Mr. M. L. Mitchell, who lives one and a quarter miles out of Columbia, was in town a few days ago, looking better than usual. He is now quite an old man and he has been a constant reader all his life—until a few months ago—when his eye sight left him. He is deprived of his newspapers now which cause him considerable worry. His general health at this time is very good. He is an interesting man with whom to converse, as he has a wonderful store of information.

8 lbs. Granulated Sugar for 19c during our sale beginning Feb. 10th. Racket Store.

Mr. A. D. Patteson's sale, last Saturday, was well attended and every thing sold well.

Guineas wanted. Call the News office.

Found Dead.

Last Wednesday "Dap" Keltner, who was a stepson of Irvine Keltner, who lives a short distance this side of Cane Valley, was found dead on the Green river bluff, this side of the bridge. He was between sixteen and eighteen years old, and was returning from Marion county with an empty wagon, having hauled a load of household goods to said county for his half brother.

It seems from the best information gathered he reached the Green river hill Tuesday about night, and it is believed that he got out of his wagon and jumped over the bluff. The team kept the pike and was stopped near the Faulkner residence at old Tampico. Sometime during the day Wednesday his body was found and conveyed to the home of his step father. He had not been in trouble with anyone so far as we know. He was said to be a good worker and was liked by all who knew him.

The remains were interred Thursday.

Later.—Another report is that he got out of his wagon, hitched his team, and walked a quarter of mile to the bluff where he jumped over, falling about three hundred feet, his body lodging near the bank of the river.

Supreme Brand Field and Grass Red Clover \$15.00 and \$12.50 per bu. Red Top .24 60-100 per lb., All laid down at Columbia

R. B. Reeves & Son,
Ozark, Ky.

Chicken Thieves at Work.

Last Wednesday night while Ivan Cabbell and Grady Bryant were in some woodland on the farm of R. A. Montgomery they discovered a box and in going to it they found it was full of chickens. They notified Mr. Montgomery and the box was carried to Will Reynolds's store, and the neighborhood notified and several came to the store and identified their chickens. It is not known who the guilty parties are, but an effort is being made to locate them. It would suit Mr. Montgomery if thieves would keep their stolen property off his farm.

Special Notice.

We have notified our subscribers, who are in arrears, several times that their names will be stricken from our list if they fail to send in or call and pay their subscriptions. We have been very indulgent and we think the time has come for us to be remunerated. Therefore, if you fail to receive the News you will know that your time has expired, and that we want you to pay us the amount due. You should remember that paper is very costly, and that we can not send the paper without pay. You will please heed this notice.

We now have a City Judge and a town Marshal. If we are correctly informed it is the duty of the marshal to see that all rubbish and filth are removed from the public square and streets. If it is his duty he has certainly got something to do, and it should be done without further notice. It is very unsanitary for filth to remain upon the streets and square. We have not seen any dead rats upon the square, but others have, and there is a large amount of trash that should be removed.

Don't stand in your own Light. use Radium Coal Oil Joe Hurt, Agt., Gulf Refining Co., Inc., Tel. 266 Campbellsville, Ky.

Last Sunday week Mr. Clarence Pollard and Miss Polly Mae Garrison were married at the home of Mr. Frank Garrison, Eld. Z. T. Williams officiating. It was a very quiet affair, only a few relatives being present.

Do You Remember.

When L. C. Cornish built the old wooden bridge, across Russell's creek, near the Myers Mill, where the iron bridge now spans the stream?

When negro buyers would land in Columbia every Saturday before county court, the day slaves were put upon the block? Do you remember of seeing the buyers tap on the darkies' teeth with their knives, to see if they were sound?

Do you remember seeing the husbands of colored women put upon the block, sold and carried South?

When Dr. J. N. Page was the only real apothecary from Columbia to the Tennessee line?

When W. W. Page, the father of Dr. J. N. Page, ran a tobacco factory in Columbia, on Burkesville street?

When a company of negro soldiers went into camp on Bob Page's land across the creek? Many of the soldiers were repulsive, and the Whangdoodles concluded to disperse them. About fifteen of the last named, with guns and plenty of ammunition went over to the big rock cliff and fired volley after volley into the company, and in a few days it departed.

When Smith and Johnson were hung on Oak Hill? Smith killed a man named Morgan in Burkesville and Johnson fired from ambush and killed John Miller, son of Galtier Miller, three miles out on the Jamestown road?

When Uncle Johnny Murrell, who was a hatter, his shop being at where Craycraft is now, would bring his hats, strung on sticks, to Columbia, and wholesale them to Wm. Pitman?

When a man named Yelser run a tanyard just back of the bottling plant? And also one in S. C. Neat's lot, to the right of Sam Eubank's shop.

The large carryall in which Mr. Eli Wheat and family rode in with his colored man, Dave, as driver?

When Daniel Booty, W. W. Page and Johnny Sanders, in their days, were regarded as the best school teachers in this part of the State?

When Kern Owens, after he reached his fiftieth year, walked about the streets, meeting young people, saying: "Boo boys, I am a half hundred?"

When there was a nail factory in Columbia, located in the basement of the store room where Stanley Epperson is now selling goods?

When, in olden times, the Eubank spring was known as a deer lick, and where many bucks and does were killed?

When there was not enough tobacco grown in Adair county a year, to make three hogsheds?

The goose that perched upon the cupola of the old court-house and would let the people know whether the wind was blowing North, East, South or West?

The number of people who were in Columbia the day the Fitzpatrick's were hanged. The roofs of all the houses in the neighborhood of the jail were lined with men and boys. One woman, standing about fifty yards from the gallows fainting, requiring some little time to bring her around all right.

See our new Spring Gingham.

Dohoney & Dohoney.

Mr. T. A. Judd, a son-in-law of Mr. Levi J. Given, who recently died in Louisiana, leaving quite a large estate, was appointed administrator of the deceased affairs, and will bring all matters to a close as soon as possible.

More Miles, More Power.

ask for That Good Gulf Gasoline!

Mr. Chester Harrison and Miss Cecile Hayes were married at Montpelier Sunday.

Good Grade Tobacco Canvass at Dohoney & Dohoney.

COMRADES OF PERIL



BY
**RANDALL
PARRISH**

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CHAPTER I.

Return of the Wanderer.

Shelby, alone in the buckboard, drove to the summit of the ridge, halting the broncos, as his eyes swept over the scene outspread below. The animals, their dusty sides streaked with sweat, stopped willingly after their sixty-mile trip from the Cottonwood.

Below was a deep, narrow valley, in the midst of which Ponca spread out along the bank of the creek that gave the town its name. To Shelby, wearied with the dull plains, here was a scene of beauty.

Just beyond there was life, fresh, luxuriant, sweet; running water, luscious green grass, and above all, that which he craved most, human companionship. To be sure, he knew Ponca of old, and possessed no illusions. Ugly, dirty, unkempt, Ponca made no pretense to either cleanliness, or respectability; it possessed no pride, no hope of a future. It seemed to recognize its destiny, and be content, a mere mushroom town of the frontier, an adjunct of the cattle trade, permitted to flourish today, but as certainly doomed to perish tomorrow.

The man who sat there on the ridge gazing down, the reins held taut in his hand, his eyes following the winding of the valley, was a perfectly natural part of the picture—he belonged. Beneath the tan and dust was a smoothly shaven face, a face of twenty-five, or twenty-six, the features strong, nose somewhat prominent, lips firm and full, with dark-gray eyes shadowed by heavy lashes. In truth, he appeared all man, a certain reckless gaiety about him not to be mistaken, yet as evidently not to be lightly taken advantage of.

"It certainly beats h—l," he muttered, unconsciously aloud, "that a man should dream about visiting a dump like this. Shows what sort of place Cottonwood is to make a fellow homesick for Ponca. Town looks kinder dead; no cattle in the corrals. H—l, what's the difference? There'll be some of the old bunch hangin' 'round, an' we'll make things hum for awhile. Come, broncs, jog along! Let's show Ponca we're a live outfit!"

It was a rough, curving descent, the trail in places barely wide enough for the wheels, but the driver never lost control, guiding the broncos with expert hand, until they finally swung about the edge of a great rock at the bottom, and went charging at full gallop into the main street. To better express the exuberance of his feelings at this return to civilization, and announce his arrival, Shelby whipped out his gun and began shattering the atmosphere, driving the animals frantic as the sharp reports rang out over their backs.

But if any sensation was expected, it signally failed to materialize. Ponca remained deserted, and unimpressed. Long experience had either rendered the inhabitants indifferent to such a display, or else the town had gone utterly dead. The silence and desolation caused Shelby to utter an oath, and suddenly swing his team up to a hitching rack in front of McCarthy's saloon, the door of which stood invitingly open. An instant the perplexed driver sat there, staring grimly about from end to end of the deserted street.

"What the h—l!" he ejaculated at last, "is up anyhow? Is this a graveyard I've got into? Lord, it can't be all the boys have got out; but something is sure dead wrong. Well, Mac's open anyhow. I'll go in and find out."

He sprang out over the wheel, stiffened from the long ride, yet standing erect nevertheless, and strode up the saloon steps and in through the open door. He had expected a welcome and this strange lack of interest on the part of the citizens of Ponca had already considerably chilled his enthusiasm. Once inside, he stopped, staring about in even deeper perplexity. The big saloon was absolutely empty of patrons—the tables were unoccupied; no one was lined up in front of the long bar, and no sound of voices or of poker chips came down from the room above. The place seemed like a huge grave, and, for a brief moment, he even failed to perceive its only occupant—a red-mustached bartender in front of the mirror, industriously rubbing the immaculate glass. Thoroughly angered by this time, Shelby advanced, his footsteps muffled by the sawdust on the floor.

"What the h—l is the matter with this dump?" he demanded savagely, his fist thumping the bar. "Oh, so it's you, is it, Moran? Well, are you all that's left in Ponca?"

The red-mustached one turned indifferently, yet managed to extend a rather limp hand in fraternal greeting. "That's 'bout the size of it, Tom," he admitted gravely. "Where yer been the last six months?"

"Over on the Cottonwood, ranching.

Say, I ain't seen nothin' but dogs since I struck this valley. What's up? Ponca gone on the bum?"

"No; she's all right mostly. Be all right tomorrow. I reckon, fer Hitchcock's outfit's comin' in with a bunch o' steers. What'll yer drink?"

"Best yer've got, o' course. That looks a bit like old times, an' tastes like it. Take a snort with me, Moran. Where's Mac, an' all the boys, anyhow?"

"Out ter the funeral; that's what's the matter with this town. The whole kit an' caboodle gone across the creek to help plant old Dad Calkins. You remember Old Dad?"

"No, can't say I do; what was he, a gambler?"

"Kind of a tin-horn; soused most o' the time but still everybody liked him; pretended ter be a blacksmith when he first come, an' put up a shack down there next the hotel. Never worked mor'n three days to my knowledge since—just naturally bummed 'round, but he was a h—l of a good story-teller, an' the boys cottoned to him. Sure, yer must have knowed him."

Shelby shook his head. "What did he die from?"

"Shot himself, I reckon. He was picked up over back o' the dance hall, with a bullet in his nut an' a gun in his hand. The girl was huntin' for him, 'cause he didn't come home, an' so Dan he went along with her. The two of 'em found him out there."

"What girl?"

"Daughter, I s'pose. She's been yere kinder keepin' house ever since I first knew the cuss."

"How old is she?"

"I ain't no judge o' females' ages, if yer ask me, but maybe sixteen or seventeen. Quite a wisp of a girl first I saw her, but she don't make up with nobody; sorter sullen-like, an' just stays ter home all the time."

"Where'd you say all this rumpus was goin' on?"

"Over cross the creek, beyond that bunch o' willows. You know where the graveyard is. Goin' ter be some obsequies, you bet. Dan he went clear to Buffalo Gap fer ter git a preacher ter do the thing up swell. What's the matter with yer goin' over there, Tom, an' takin' the show in? Dan'll be mighty pleased ter see yer horn in."

Shelby helped himself to another drink and gazed disconsolately about the big, deserted room. "I reckon I'll turn the broncs into Davis' corral, an' then amble along," he said slowly. "Even a funeral's better than this dump today."

He had waded the shallow waters and reached the edge of the willows before his eyes distinguished the crowd gathered in the open space beyond. It was surely some funeral; there was no doubt about that. A mass of men stood there, bare-headed in the sunshine, and beyond them, on a little knoll, a small bunch of women were crowded together, girls from the dance hall mostly, judging from their clothes and faces, although one or two older women were at the farther end. Shelby caught a glimpse of the preacher, elevated on a box, and his ears caught the sonorous words of exhortation with which he ended his sermon. There followed a faint applause, checked instantly by McCarthy, who politely requested the bunch to stop making d—d fools of themselves, and immediately announced that the Ponca male quartette would sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," after which those who desired would be given the opportunity to view for the last time the features of the departed. As the last dulcet strains of the hymn rolled away, McCarthy, as though anxious to preserve the lives of the singers by quick action, pushed his way once again to the front.

"Now, you bucks," he roared out tersely, "line up along them willows. I'll go first with the daughter as chief mourners, an' then the females will fall in behind. After that the rest of yer can mosey along. We're goin' ter do this up in some style, an' it ain't just goin' ter be show'n proper respect fer the dead, but we're agoin' ter remember the orphaned and the fatherless. That's the way Ponca does business. Now, chlp in, gents; there's a box there at the head of the corpse, an' after yer've had a squint at Ol' Dad cough up something fer the girl."

Shelby dropped into place behind the newcomer with a hard handgrip and grin of welcome.

"Just blow in? We're givin' Ol' Calkins the time o' his career; owed me a hundred, but what the h—l do I care! Know the ol' cuss?"

"No; I just dropped around fer to pass away the time. Some spouter that fat preacher."

"Ain't he, though!" admiringly. "Be sure shot off some language I never did hear afore. Yer heard our quartette, I reckon?"

"Heard it! Not being altogether deaf, I did. Hullo, the procession is

about to start—so that's Ol' Calkins' girl, is it?"

The stage agent nodded.

"Yep; not so darnd much to look at, either. I don't reckon I've seen her afore fer a year."

Shelby could not have described what there was about the girl to interest him even slightly. As Mike said, there was not much to look at, and what there was had been rendered particularly hideous by the ill-fitting black dress in which she was dressed. She walked well, and she held her head straight up, a bit defiantly, looking neither to right nor left as McCarthy led her forward by a grasp on one arm. The corners of her mouth drooped a trifle and her hair was drawn straight back and bound in a wisp. Altogether she made a rather pathetic picture, and this somehow impressed Shelby. He watched her stop at the head of the opened casket and look down at the face of the dead man. There was no sign of a tear, no semblance of a sob, and



There Was No Sign of a Tear.

then she moved on with no change perceptible in her face, outwardly unmoved. To all appearances her only desire was to have the affair ended and be left alone.

Shelby passed and stared down at the face in the casket, that of a man of sixty, possibly, yet exhibiting even in death the marks of a hard life which had unduly aged him. It was rather an intelligent face, framed in a white beard, with the fragment of a scar showing on one cheek. There was something about the face strangely familiar, yet he could not recall the man to memory—some way the sight of him had turned his mind back to army days, yet the two would not connect themselves definitely. As he thrust his contribution into the box, McCarthy gripped him cordially.

"Well, bless me, if here ain't Tom Shelby, lookin' like a white man, and blowin' his money like a good sport. How's things on the Cottonwood? Fine as silk, hey? See yer later, Tom. No, yer don't, Ramsay! You tried that game on me once before. I'm keepin' cuses here."

There was a moment's delay, while Ramsay reluctantly dug down into his jeans for an amount satisfactory to the party in charge, and Shelby, still struggling with his elusive memory, bent over and asked hoarsely:

"Say, Mac, who was this guy, anyway?"

"Old Dad, you mean? First I knew of the fellow was about three years ago, blacksmithin' down at Kelly's camp. When that moved on he come up here, an' has been hangin' 'round ever since. Wa'n't such a bad sort, 'cept when in liquor; a smart ol' devil, too; read everything he could get hold of."

"Do you happen to know if he was ever in the army?"

"Come to think of it, Tom, I do. Once when he was drunk, he showed me his discharge papers. Lemme see; h—l, yes—the ol' cuss was a sergeant in the Sixth cavalry. That's all right, Ramsay—pass along. Now, whose next; step up lively, boys."

Shelby drifted along with the line, which broke into groups, waiting silently for the ceremonies to be concluded and the body lowered into the grave before wending their way back to the delights of Ponca. The ranchman lingered with the others while the preacher solemnly consigned the body to dust, but when he saw the quartette climbing back into the wagon for a final song, he promptly joined a number who were attempting to escape. Shelby paused and glanced back; the distance was too great to distinguish faces, yet there was no mistaking the pathetic figure of the girl standing in loneliness beside the still open grave. She had not particularly appealed to him before, but now his heart made vague response to her loneliness.

It was doubtless this lingering memory which kept him away from McCarthy's saloon during the next hour. He had lost his earlier inclination for a wild carouse in town, or any desire to renew old acquaintances at the bar. He was almost persuaded to load up in the morning, if he could find the hand he needed and drive back to Cottonwood. There was nothing in it, this getting drunk on vile whiskey and blowing in all he had saved at faro. H—l, no! He needed every dollar to make the ranch pay and could not afford to be a d—n fool forever. Here

is where he would quit. No doubt, he was honest enough in these intentions, yet the mood passed away so completely that before night he was again with the gang and had stowed away sufficient liquid refreshments to completely overcome any lingering recollection of any higher purpose. In this happy condition he finally wended his way across the street to the shelter of the hotel.

CHAPTER II.

Outlining a Plot.

The Occidental hotel, Hicks proprietor, was merely a place in which one could sleep and eat, if one was thoroughly acclimated to border ideas of comfort. McCarthy, having no home of his own, roomed over his saloon, but was compelled to eat the Hicks brand of cooking, and, with many apologies therefor, had, on this particular occasion, the ex-reverend from Buffalo Gap as his honored guest. Shelby saw the two when he first entered, over in the farther corner and, as there chanced to be a vacant seat beside McCarthy, he made his slightly uncertain way in that direction and succeeded in safely establishing himself on the empty bench. The room was well filled with men, most of them still discussing the important event of the afternoon, and he soon became aware that the conversation of the two next to him bore upon the same subject.

Shelby stared at the smoking, greasy mess outspread before him, prying open a soggy biscuit, and asked a question of McCarthy.

"How'd the collection come out, Mac?"

"What collection? Oh, for the girl; 'bout five hundred, wa'n't it, reverend?"

"Four ninety-seven," said the preacher in his deep voice. "Quite an assistance for the young woman in this time of bereavement, as I am informed her father left little or no property."

"Property! Ol' Calkins! Well, I should say not. And what's more," the saloon-keeper becoming interested, "I don't see how that money's goin' ter do her much good. I was just talkin' ter the domine yere about her. Tom, what is she agoin' ter do? An' what hed this town ought ter do fer her?"

"What do you mean? They done enough, ain't they, with that swell funeral an' five hundred bucks on top of it? What more would she expect?"

"She don't expect nothin'. That ain't her style. I got an idee she won't even accept this bunch o' coin. She's the ornariest heifer I ever saw. But that's got no bearin' on us. She's an orphan, left yere in Ponca with no visble means of support. She's a decent girl; nobody ever said nuthin' against her, and the way it looks ter me we got a moral duty ter perform. Ain't that it, Reverend?"

"That is the thought I endeavored to convey," returned the visitor from Buffalo Gap seriously. "You heard me, I presume, young man?"

"Only the last few sentences," admitted Shelby. "I don't belong here, but just happened to drift in today." "Tom's ranchin' over on the Cottonwood," interrupted McCarthy, "but he's a mighty straight guy, an' I'd like ter have him express his feelin's on this yere idee o' yours, Reverend. It's rather a new one on me."

The preacher straightened up and cleared his throat.

"Well, here's the case of a young girl, seventeen or eighteen years old, who has had no experience whatever in life, suddenly left an orphan in this town, without any money or friends, so to speak. Where can she go? What can she do? There isn't a place she could earn a living here, excepting the dance hall; there isn't a place in this town she could call home. That is what I tried to make clear to Mr. McCarthy—that the men of this town ought to give her a chance. Mac here's a married man; got a wife and two daughters of his own back East and he cottoned to my idea right away."

"But what is your idea?"

"Marriage, sir—marriage; honorable matrimony. I even offer my services freely. The girl should be given a husband and a home; this would assure her future and relieve Ponca of every obligation. Do you see the point?"

"Yes," admitted Shelby, yet rather dazed at the project, "but there would seem to be certain obstacles in the way of such a scheme. No doubt you have considered these. Who, for instance, would marry her?"

"There isn't likely to be any trouble about that," confidently. "If she'd fix up she'd be a right good-looking girl, besides, she's got five hundred dollars to start with and that's more money than a lot of these gazabos ever saw in all their lives. I'll bet there's fifty men in Ponca that would jump at the chance."

"Rounders and tin-horns."

"Some of them—sure. But there would be some decent fellows among them. That's about how we figured it, McCarthy?"

The saloonkeeper nodded.

"There's quite a few of the right kind 'round Ponca, Tom, who'd be mighty glad to get a decent woman and settle down. I could name a half dozen right now. What I ain't so sure 'bout is the girl."

TO BE CONTINUED

The Lexington congregation refused to accept the resignation of Dr. J. W. Porter. He is one of the leading Baptist ministers of the State.

Colds & Headache

"For years we have used Black-Draught in our family, and I have never found any medicine that could take its place," writes Mr. H. A. Stacy, of Bradyville, Tenn. Mr. Stacy, who is a Rutherford County farmer, recommends Black-Draught as a medicine that should be kept in every household for use in the prompt treatment of many little ills to prevent them from developing into serious troubles.

THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

"It touches the liver and does the work," Mr. Stacy declared. "It is one of the best medicines I ever saw for a cold and headache. I don't know what we would do in our family if it wasn't for Black-Draught. It has saved us many dollars . . . I don't see how any family can hardly go without it. I know it is a reliable and splendid medicine to keep in the house. I recommend Black-Draught highly and am never without it."

At all druggists.

Accept No Imitations

1.61

Comrades of Peril

By → **RANDALL
PARRISH**
COPYRIGHT
A.C. MCCLURG
& CO.



A REAL WESTERN STORY and an Unusual Love Story. If you know Randall Parrish's novels you know they are never disappointing—strong men, brave, lovable women; virility of action, smashing adventures and the charm of the great outdoors. They keep the reader close to their pages, and this one is no exception.

Soon to appear serially in these columns. You will want to read it!

W. B. PATTESON

GENERAL INSURANCE

International Made-to-Measure Clothes.

Second Floor, Jeffries Building.

COLUMBIA, KY.

Comrades of Peril

is one of those smashing western tales big with adventure, stirring in action and representative of the strongest and most interesting types native to a great environment. It is

Randall Parrish

where he no doubt loves to be; dealing with thrills, dramatic purposes, mystery, suspense and best of all—charming romance. If you have read "The Strange Case of Cavendish," "Beyond the Frontier," "The Red Mist," "Love Under Fire," "Beth Norvell," "When Wilderness Was King," or any one of nearly a score that have come from his busy pen, you know what to expect. In each story there is generally a surprise, something different. In this case the unique feature is in a strange marriage — an unconventional romance.

Coming as a Serial in this Paper

Watch for It!

Breeding.

As it has been sometime since I have seen a letter from this place, I will come in again.

The cold weather is making the loafer's gather around the stove and talk together about what a large tobacco crop they are going to raise this year.

We have been having lots of sickness. Dr. H. B. Simpson, who has been confined with la-grippe, is able to be out again.

Rollin Branham is very sick with pneumonia at this writing.

Mr. E. A. York sold his house and lot to Mr. Muncy Coomer last week.

O. C. Cowan, the shoe drummer, of Albany, called on the merchants of this place, last week.

The winter school of this place is progressing nicely under Prof. Sanford Hurt.

The candy breaking at Mr. Sam Roe's was very much enjoyed by the young folks last Tuesday night.

Its a girl at Elroy Rupe's christened: Annye Elizabeth.

Mrs. W. F. Alexander, of Burkesville, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. B. Simpson.

Miss Amah Phelps, of Columbia, is at Mr. Edgar Reece's teaching music.

Mr. Frank Wheeler and family, who have been visiting their sister, Mr. and Mrs. Y. W. Simpson, have moved to their new home near Gradyville.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Breeding visited Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Branham Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Herman Roach spent a few days of last week with her sister, Mrs. A. C. Froedge.

On the 22nd, the death angel visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Pulliam, and claimed for its victim their little daughter, Dorothy Dimple, age 3 years and two months. She was sick only a few days with Bronchial pneumonia. All was done for her that loving hands could do. The remains were laid to rest in the Chestnut Grove cemetery in the presence of a large crowd of relatives and friends. Her

grave was covered with many beautiful flowers. This community extends its sympathy to the bereaved father and mother.

Montpelier.

The health of this community is very good at present.

Miss Ophelia Reece and Mr. Samuel Taylor and his little sister, Clarice entered school at L. W. T. S. the first of the year.

Miss Belle Acree is visiting her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Goff.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Duvall have been visiting relatives and friends on Cumberland river for the last few weeks.

Mr. Meldrum Scholl was in our midst one day this week buying turkey hens.

Mr. J. Z. Conover and Mr. J. C. Goff were in town one day this week.

Mr. R.-T. Bennett our most up-to-date timber dealer is delivering walnut logs to Columbia.

Mr. Sam Potts, of Whetstone, Ky., is visiting friends at Montpelier this week.

Mr. Winston Grider made a business trip to town one day this week.

Mr. Jene Lawhorn, of Glensfork has moved to the property of Homer Balanger near Joppa.

Mrs. Gwin Bradshaw is very sick at this writing.

Miss Mittie Bennett has entered school at Glensfork.

People of this community are getting ready to burn their tobacco beds. They are planning for large crops this year.

Mr. Charles Sanders, of Col. is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sanders, near Joppa.

D. S. Taylor made a business trip to Columbia one day last week.

Mr. Otis Lewis, of Glensfork, was in our neighborhood buying hogs a few days ago.

Mr. Blakey the hog buyer of Russell county passed through with a nice bunch of hogs.

Miss Pearl Bradshaw, who teaches at Jamestown, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents of this place.

Mr. Rollin Willis is on the sick list.

Miss Kate Acree has returned home from visiting friends at Montpelier.

Mr. John Ross, of Creelsboro, passed through our midst en route to Russell Springs.

Mr. C. P. Duvall and Mr. Booher, of this place spent the day with Mr. Dewey Stapp, of Dent Ky., Sunday.

Mrs. Samuel H. Halley, of Fayette county, has been appointed General Manager of the Storage Department of the Burley Association.

The News \$1.50 in Ky,

Dr. J. N Murrell

DENTIST

Office, Front Rooms Jeffries' Bldg.

UP STAIRS.

COLUMBIA, KY

See My Big Line of Clothing And Shoes

New Styles and Low Prices. Ladies, Ready-to-wear Dresses, Ladies' and Gents Underwear. Come Early for the Best Bargains.

Chevrolet Automobiles Are Now Down.

490 Touring Car \$525.00. Roadster 525.00. Light Delivery \$525.00.

They are are Durable and Easy Running.

NEW PRICES ON

BUCCIES AND WAGONS.

I have a large supply of the very best makes and I am selling them at living prices. Riding and walking plows, all kinds at LIBERAL DISCOUNT for CASH.

It matters not what you need on the farm, I can please you in the article and price.

I have also a Full Line of General Merchandise.

WOODSON LEWIS

GREENSBURG, - - - - - KENTUCKY.

Williamson, W. Va.

Jan. 15, 1921.

Editor News:—

Please be advised that my address for the present will be Box 141, Williamson, W. Va., and you can send my News to above address. I think I missed the last two editions, but I hope to get the remaining numbers of the paper as it is always welcome to my attention.

Business in the mining fields of West Virginia is very dull at present but it is thought that conditions will soon be better. Many of the mines have shut down entirely, due to the lack of orders and not to the labor disturbances which was recently a very annoying factor in this field.

Many miners are out of work but to a great extent, I think it is their fault. They are not the kind of workers the employer is looking for and consequently the better man has the better job.

I am at present with the Norfolk and Western Railway Company, working in the mining department here at Williamson. We have one of the most up-to-date mines in this field and are doing a big business.

Very truly yours,

R. T. Garnett.

Dirigo.

The farmers are making good use of the pretty weather clearing and preparing for a crop.

The Sunday School at Independence is progressing nicely with good attendance.

Mr. Luther England and family, of Sparksville, visited Uncle Matthew Wooten Sunday.

Enus Hunter, of color, has removed from this place to Crocus where he will remain through the year.

Several from this place attended the singing at Mr. J. E. Rosson's Saturday night and all reported a nice time.

Mr. W. A. Janes made a business trip to Columbia one day this week.

Mr. Ace Pelston and Mose Wooten are moving a saw mill to this place. We hope they will be successful with their mill as it is badly needed in this community.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Morrison of Gadberry, visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wooten, Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. Talt Bradshaw and Clifton Scott are working some timber purchased from G. N. Stone at their place.

Mr. Edgar Reece, of Breeding,

Columbia Barber Shop

MORAN & LOWE

A Sanitary Shop, where both Satisfaction and Gratification are Guaranteed.

Give us a Trial and be Convinced.

was in our midst one day this week looking after hogs.

What Is Friendship?

It is a sunbeam playing on the mountain side, that vanishes when a cloud of sorrow or untruth overshadows? Ah no! true friendship is the loving administering handmaiden down in the valley of sorrow when the sharp stings of injustice persecute and prosperity may fail to find its way. True friendship is a diadem rare but awarded often enough to light the way, and lighten the burdens, even though the valley of the shadow of death that one write, "And what is friendship but a name," in the interrogative, but lowered the highest ideals. Friendship is not merely "a sound that lulls to sleep."—Friendship is a boon heaven born and heaven sent, and will stand the ravages of time, of untruth

HENRY W. DEPP,

DENTIST

I am permanently located in Columbia.

All Classes of Dental Work Done. Crowning and Inlay Work a Specialty.

All Work Guaranteed. Office:—next door to post office.

W. A. Coffey

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office Second Floor, Court House, West Side, Adjoining Court Room. COLUMBIA, KY.

and malice.— From Masonic Home Journal.

Adair County News

Published On Tuesdays

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor
MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, Mgr

A Democratic Newspaper devoted to the interest of the city of Columbia and the People of Adair and adjoining Counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second class matter.

TUESDAY FEB. 7, 1922.

Subscription prices:
In Kentucky \$1.00
Outside of Kentucky \$1.25
All Subscriptions in Advance

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR THE YEAR 1922

We are authorized to announce Judge H. L. James a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, Third District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce that H. L. James, of Elizabethtown, Hardin county, is a Democratic candidate for Appellate Judge in this the Third District, subject to the August primary.

Mr. Cary, the Representative from Cumberland and Clinton, has introduced a bill in the Legislature asking that Burkesville be made a fifth class city.

The Cundiff Johnson contest for a seat in the Legislature, has been settled by Johnson being ousted. The contest cost the State \$2045.57. The Legislative district is made up of Lee and Breathitt counties.

Senator Ernst has had a little dealing with Congressman Bob Thomas. We take it that what Thomas said was a plenty, as the Senator failed to come back. When a man tackles Thomas he soon learns that he is fooling with a buzz saw.

Notwithstanding the fact that whisky drinkers are being poisoned, dying daily throughout the country from drinking rectified whisky, the sale goes on. It is known that denatured alcohol is being mixed with moonshine liquor, and whenever it is drunk death is sure to follow.

The Louisville Post and the Louisville Times both favor the teaching of the higher critics in our schools. It is a position that in our judgment but few religionists can tolerate. There are a sufficient number of unbelievers now, but if evolution is continued to be taught in some of our colleges there will be many more.

Five persons who were with a lynching party, have been tried and sentenced to life imprisonment in the penitentiary in Oklahoma City. Men who undertake and do take the law in their own hands should be punished. We believe in the law, and we further believe when a man is arraigned before a Court of Justice he will get justice.

It is now claimed that the Knickerbocker Theater, Washington, D. C., where so many lives were lost a few nights ago, by the roof caving in, was poorly built, the roof not being framed right, and the material inferior. If it can be established that the contractor turned over an inferior job of work, causing the death



H. L. JAMES

Democratic Candidate for Appellate Judge in this the Third District.

of more than one hundred people and the wounding of as many more, he should receive the severest penalty.

Cordell Hull, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is in urgent need of funds to supply literature and educational data for which he is receiving requests from all parts of the country. He is confident that the Democrats will win the next campaign but he wants to advise the voting population of what has been going on in the last eighteen months. Persons who are willing to donate should send their subscriptions to the Democratic National Committee, 441, Woodward Building, Washington D. C.

Chief of Police Charles Gurley, of Irvine, Ky., was shot to death last Sunday night by Harris Daniels. At first it looked like wilful murder had been perpetrated but from developments since the shooting it looks like Daniels will be acquitted. The two men had quarreled, and when the officer undertook to arrest Daniels he was in a high state of intoxication. A bottle containing moonshine whisky was taken from him a short time before he was killed. He had been a terror to moonshiners, but at the same time consuming their goods. Since writing the above Daniel has been tried and acquitted.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

There seems to be an effort on the part of some politicians to create a sentiment in favor of holding a convention to nominate a State ticket in 1923, but the people in the country districts do not look with favor upon a plan which would give a few men the opportunity to say who shall be nominees. Those, who attended the last convention held to nominate a State ticket, remember the Music Hall Convention, and do not want to see in 1923 a repetition of 1899.

Woodrow Wilson advocated primaries and opposed boss rule. The Democrats wrote the primary election law in 1912, and the Democratic Convention held in 1919 denounced the Republicans for violating the primary law. In 1920 the Republican legislature amended the primary law so that the party committee could force a convention on the people. If the Democratic State Central

Committee should call a convention in 1923 it will be said that the Democratic party has deserted its principles, is following the Republican lead, and is controlled by the bosses. The women voters must be considered, and they have gone on record as being in favor of primaries. Nothing can be said in favor of a convention, but all those who believe that the people should rule favor primaries which give to each voter an opportunity to cast his or her vote in his or her home precinct. In a primary the vote of one Democrat will count for as much as the vote of any other person, and we believe in equal rights to all.

Summershade.

Most all of the last year's crop of tobacco has been sold at very satisfactory prices.

Greensburg is preparing a new pool warehouse, which we hope will be a great benefit to our farmers.

Most of our farmers are feeding their surplus corn to hogs as there isn't much need of the corn otherwise.

Old king winter has been shaking his icy mantle over our heads until we are learning how to shiver.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Dohoney and children were the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Squires last Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Wilcox. Mr. and Mrs. Homer Squires Mr. and Mrs. Bramlette Squires and daughter, Lorane, were the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hobson Posy last Sunday.

Misses Gay and Lorane Squires visited Mr. and Mrs. Charley Thomas a few Sundays ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Landis visited Rev. and Mrs. Claud Squires last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins Howard visited Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Bingham last Sunday.

Hobson Posy bought a fine Jersey cow from Boice Skaggs, of Greensburg, for sixty dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Squires returned home from Burdick last Monday, where they had been the guest of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Beard.

Mrs. Jennie Squires and son Lucian, visited Mrs. Squires parents last week, Mr. and Mrs.

H. P. COFFEE CO.

MESS. RUSSELL & CO.,

Columbia, Ky.

Gentlemen:

There was a very nice increase in your Coffee sales last year judging from your purchases from us, which amounted to 2000 pounds more in 1921 than the year before.

For your additional information we are giving you below, figures showing the amount of orders filled for you, both years.

1920 8,200 pounds 1921 10,200

This is a splendid growth and it certainly must indicate that you are getting better quality, value, treatment and service which not only increased your regular trade but gained much new trade.

With that policy definitely established we are sure you will continue to patronize our Coffee, and we assure you that we are with you to the limit of our ability. By giving you the best we have to offer in price, quality and service.

Assuring you of our appreciation of your liberal patronage, and wishing you continued success in your business, we are, very truly yours,

H. P. COFFEE CO.

OUR PRICES RIGHT

ON

Mens Hats, Caps, Clothing, Shoes,
Shirts and Underwear

ALSO

Ladies and Children's Dress Goods Shoes
and Notions.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY ON

FURNITURE

Davenports. Single and Double Beds, Chairs
Etc., Rugs, Carpets, Mattresses
and Blankets.

SEE US BEFORE BUYING

Dohoney & Dohoney

(Successors to ALBIN MURRAY)

Alfred Parson and daughter, Miss Bertie, of Portland.

Rev. Claud Squires filled his regular appointment at Summershade last fourth Sunday, although the weather was very inclement.

Several friends and relatives met in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bramlett Squires on the second day of February to celebrate Mr. Squires 55th birthday. The table fairly groaned under the weight of good things which were prepared by Mrs. Squires. The day was enjoyed by all present.

P. C. Dix, Secretary of the Kentucky Y. M. C. A., will sail for Geneva, where he is to do special work.

NOTICE:

Having resumed operations, since our recent burn-out, we have had several calls for Kerosine. We wish to announce that we are going to install, a de-orderizing system, and for this reason we will not put any Kerosine on the market until we get this system installed.

For the present we have both high and low gravity Gasoline on the market, and we invite your attention to our motto of PATRONIZING HOME INDUSTRY.

As soon as we get this de-orderizing system installed and go to turning out an A-1 Kerosine, you will be notified through the columns this page.

The Carnahan Oil Refining Co

C. J. Davidson, Mgr.

Creelsboro, Kentucky.

PERSONAL

Mr. Leon Lewis was in Louisville last week.

Mr. Columbus Pickett spent last week in Cincinnati.

Mr. E. B. McLean, Louisville, was here a few days since.

Mr. J. T. Samuel, Nashville, was here a few days since.

Mr. Paul Glidewell, Bakerton, was here a few days since.

Mr. Leo Baldauf spent several days of last week in Columbia.

Mr. H. B. Ingram was thought to be here last week.

Mr. J. L. Taylor, Louisville, was here a few days since.

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the main was to get the cost, etc., of the building, see how it is arranged, with the view of building the banking house here

Come to the sale at Racket Store February 10th and see the bargains you can buy for 19 cents.

Farmers are turning over corn ground.

Thursday of last week was Groundhog Day. He saw his shadow?

It is said that the wheat crop in this county is looking fairly well.

Friday was county court day and a number of farmers were in court.

Mr. J. L. Taylor, Louisville, was here a few days since.

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Why I Believe in Foreign Missions?

[By Mrs. T. J. Wade.]

Surely, we all believe in Home Missions but I believe in Foreign Missions

1. Because, being a child of God His plan is mine, and His plan is for the whole world

2. Because, as a Christian, I am following the commands of Christ, and He bids me disciple all nations

3. Because, the conditions that exist in heathen lands can be changed only by the dynamic power of the Gospel of Christ.

4. Because the results already realized from Missionary effort, are abundant proof of the adequacy of the Gospel of Christ.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

Planters Loose Leaf Warehouse Co.

INCORPORATED

Glasgow, Kentucky.

We take this means of announcing to our customers that we will open our Warehouse next year at the usual time, for sale of Tobacco, as heretofore.

We will remain open this season as long as there is tobacco for us to sell, and will open for the sale of the 1922 crop at the usual time.

We have the assurance of all buyers that have been represented here in the past, to buy any tobacco that we offer next year.

R. H. Barton, Pres.

A MESSAGE

TO TIRED,

JACK FOLKS

Don't Drag Through Life Half Sick and Half Well. Take His Advice.

Go to your druggist and ask him for Gude's Pepto-Mangan and take it with your meals for a few weeks and see how your health improves.

If you are pale, tired, lack ambition and vigor, you know yourself that if you had plenty of red blood that you would not feel tired and half sick all the time. The only sure foundation of permanent health is good blood. Gude's Pepto-Mangan builds up your blood with a form of iron that gets into your system quickly. It is wonderful. You will like it and it makes you feel so well and strong. Life will be worth living again. Try it and you will thank us for telling you about it. Druggists sell Gude's Pepto-Mangan in both liquid and tablet form.—Advertisement.

Memoir.

Mrs. Mary F. Montgomery, widow of R. A. Montgomery, died Jan. 3rd, 1922.

She was a daughter of Joel and Polly Ann Hurt. She was married to R. A. Montgomery March 17, 1862. To this union were born seven children, four boys and three girls. Three sons and two daughters survive her.

She was converted after her marriage and she and her husband were baptized at the same time and united with the Zion Baptist church.

Her happy married life was enjoyed a little more than twenty years, when she was left a widow by the death of her husband, Jan. 16, 1882. She was a widow forty years.

Her task, to rear her seven children, and care for her home, was no light one. But her faith was strong in the Lord who is a father to the fatherless and a judge of the widow. She was faithful, a kind, good mother, a kind neighbor, a Christian.

Her sons married and settled near her. She enjoyed her children and grandchildren and her friends and was thankful for them. Two daughters and her grandson, Edgar, remained with her to the end.

For fifteen years she had been blind but was cheerful and bore it all with Christian fortitude. She never was a burden to anyone but helped others bear their burdens.

She enjoyed her Christmas and was unusually cheerful. She was sick but a few days. Would have been 77 years of age Jan. 27th. She died as she had lived in the triumph of the Christian faith. The funeral was conducted at her home by her pastor, Bro. Kemper, assisted by Z. T. Williams.

Elk City, Okla.

Editor News:

Please find check for \$4.00 enclosed to pay my back subscription and to renew as for as it will. I want to keep the Old Home Paper coming. I have been away from Kentucky twenty years. I was reared in old Adair county. With success to the News and its many readers. I am, J. C. Shelton.

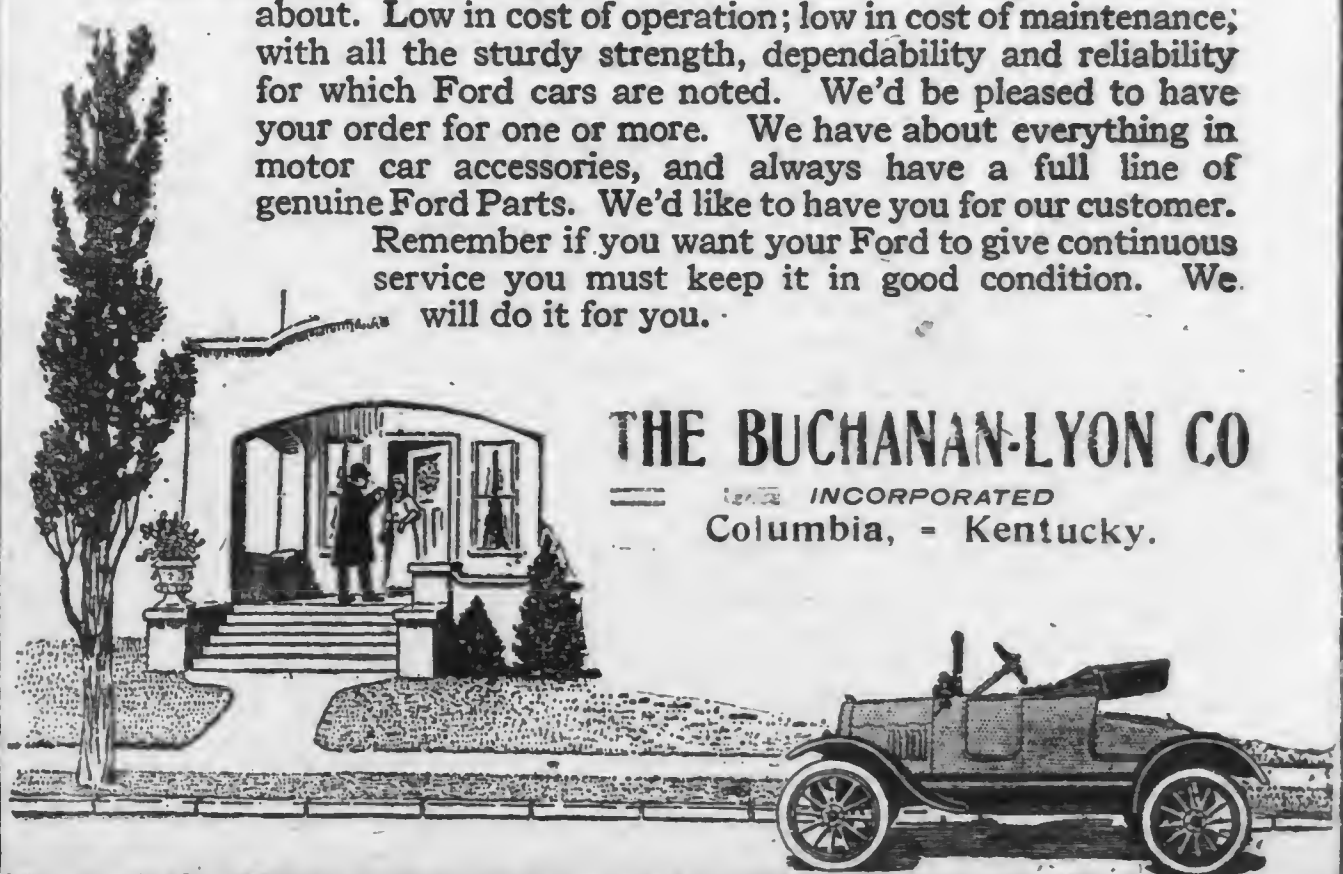
Glensfork.

Plowing and burning plant beds is the order of the day in this community.

Mr. Finis Thomas, while attempting to crank a car one day last week, broke his arm. Dr. Bolin reduced the fracture and the patient is getting along nicely.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Here is the Ford Runabout, a perfect whirlwind of utility. Fits into the daily life of everybody, anywhere, everywhere, and all the time. For town and country, it is all that its name implies—a Runabout. Low in cost of operation; low in cost of maintenance; with all the sturdy strength, dependability and reliability for which Ford cars are noted. We'd be pleased to have your order for one or more. We have about everything in motor car accessories, and always have a full line of genuine Ford Parts. We'd like to have you for our customer. Remember if you want your Ford to give continuous service you must keep it in good condition. We will do it for you.



THE BUCHANAN-LYON CO
INCORPORATED
Columbia, - Kentucky.

Miss Lela Wells, of Clinton county, is visiting her father Mr. Henry Wells and her sister, Mrs. Anthem Wesley.

Mrs. John Webb lost a very fine mare one day last week.

Miss Louisa Calhoun, who has been sick for several weeks, improves slowly.

Miss Elda Strange and Mrs. Edna were at the bedside of their sister, Mrs. Bonnie May Loy near Fairplay last week who is very sick.

Miss Lucy Kelsay, who is a pupil of the L. W. T. S., Columbia, was at home last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Tandy Thomas happened to a very painful accident one day last week. While hauling a load of hay the boom pole struck him in the mouth and bruised him up considerably. He is better at this writing.

Mr. Robert Marshall sold Mr. Allen Conover one good work horse for \$125.

Some Aspects of the Farmers' Problems

By BERNARD M. BARUCH

(Reprinted from Atlantic Monthly)

The whole rural world is in a ferment of unrest, and there is an unrelenting volume and intensity of demands, if not angry, protest, and an enormous swarming of occupational confessions, interest groupings, political movements and propaganda. Such a tumult cannot but arrest our attention. Indeed, it demands our careful study and examination. It is not likely that six million aloof and ruggedly independent men have come together and banded themselves into active unions, societies, farm bureaus, and so forth, for no sufficient cause.

Investigation of the subject conclusively proves that, while there is much exaggeration of grievances and misapprehension of remedies, the farmers are right in complaining of wrongs long endured, and right in holding that it is feasible to relieve their ills with benefit to the rest of the community. This being the case of an industry that contributes, in the raw material alone, about one-third of the national annual wealth production and is the means of livelihood of about 40 per cent of the population, it is obvious that the subject is one of grave concern. Not only do the farmers make up one-half of the nation, but the well-being of the other half depends upon them.

So long as we have nations, a wise political economy will aim at a large degree of national self-sufficiency and self-containment. Rome fell when the food supply was too far removed from the belly. Like her, we shall destroy our own agriculture and extend our sources of food distant and precarious, if we do not see to it that our farmers are well and fairly paid for their services. The farm gives the nation men as well as food. Cities derive their vitality and are forever renewed from the country, but an impoverished countryside exports intelligence and retains unintelligence. Only the lower grades of mentality and character will remain on, or seek the farm, unless agriculture is capable of being pursued with contentment and adequate compensation. Hence, to emigrate and impoverish the farmer is to dry up and contaminate the vital sources of the nation.

The war showed convincingly how dependent the nation is on the full productivity of the farms. Despite strenuous efforts, agricultural production kept only a few weeks or months ahead of consumption, and that only by increasing the acreage of certain staple crops at the cost of reducing that of others. We ought not to forget that lesson when we ponder or solve the farmer's problems. They are truly common problems, and there should be no attempt to deal with them as if they were purely selfish demands of a clear-cut group, antagonistic to the rest of the community. Rather, we should consider agriculture in the light of broad national policy, just as we consider oil, coal, steel, dye, and so forth, as elements of national strength. Our growing population and a higher standard of living demand increasing food supplies, and wool, cotton, hides, and the rest. With the disappearance of free or cheap fertile land, additional acreage and increased yields can come only from costly effort. This we need not expect from an impoverished or unthrifty rural population.

It will not do to take a narrow view of the rural discontent, or to appraise it from the standpoint of yesterday. This is peculiarly an age of flux and change and new deals. Because a thing always has been so no longer means that it is righteous, or always shall be so. More, perhaps, than ever before, there is a widespread feeling that all human relations can be improved by taking thought, and that it is not becoming for the reasoning animal to leave his destiny largely to chance and natural incidence.

Prudent and orderly adjustment of production and distribution in accordance with consumption is recognized as wise management in every business that that of farming. Yet, I venture to say, there is no other industry in which it is so important to the public—to the city-dweller—that production should be sure, steady, and increasing, and that distribution should be in proportion to the need. The unorganized farmers naturally act blindly and impulsively, and in consequence, surplus and dearth, accompanied by disconcerting price-variations, harass the consumer. One year potatoes rot in the fields because of excess production, and there is a scarcity of the things that have been displaced; the next year, the punishment falls on farmers mass their fields on some other crop, and potatoes enter the class of luxuries; and so on.

Agriculture is the greatest and fundamentally the most important of our American industries. The cities are but the branches of the tree of national life, the roots of which go deep into the land. We all flourish or decline with the farmer. So, when we read of the cities read of the present universal distress of the farmers, of a slump of six billion dollars in the farm value of their crops in a single year

of their inability to meet mortgages or to pay current bills, and how, seeking relief from their ills, they are planning to form pools, inaugurate farmers' strikes, and demand legislation abolishing grain exchanges, private cattle markets, and the like, we ought not hastily to brand them as economic heretics and highwaymen, and hurl at them the charge of being seekers of special privilege. Rather, we should ask if their trouble is not ours, and see what can be done to improve the situation. Purely from self-interest, if for no higher motive, we should help them. All of us want to get back permanently to "normalcy," but is it reasonable to hope for that condition unless our greatest and most basic industry can be put on a sound and solid permanent foundation? The farmers are not entitled to special privileges; but are they not right in demanding that they be placed on an equal footing with the buyers of their products and with other industries?

Let us, then, consider some of the farmer's grievances, and see how far they are real. In doing so, we should remember that, while there have been, and still are, instances of purposeful abuse, the subject should not be approached with any general imputation to existing distributive agencies of deliberately intentional oppression, but rather with the conception that the marketing of farm products has not been modernized.

An ancient evil, and a persistent one, is the undergrading of farm products, with the result that what the farmers sell as of one quality is resold as of a higher. That this sort of chicanery should persist on any important scale in these days of business integrity would seem almost incredible, but there is much evidence that it does so persist. Even as I write, the newspapers announce the suspension of several firms from the New York Produce Exchange for exporting to Germany as No. 2 wheat a whole shipment of grossly inferior wheat mixed with oats, chaff and the like.

Another evil is that of inaccurate weighing of farm products, which, it is charged, is sometimes a matter of dishonest intention and sometimes of protective policy on the part of the local buyer, who fears that he may "weigh out" more than he "weighs in." A greater grievance is that at present the field farmer has little or no control over the time and conditions of marketing his products, with the result that he is often underpaid for his products and usually overcharged for marketing service. The difference between what the farmer receives and what the consumer pays often exceeds all possibility of justification. To cite a single illustration. Last year, according to figures attested by the railroads and the growers, Georgia watermelon-raisers received on the average 7.5-cents for a melon, the railroads got 12.7 cents for carrying it to Baltimore and the consumer paid one dollar, leaving 78.8 cents for the service of marketing and its risks, as against 20.2 cents for growing and transporting. The hard annals of farm-life are replete with such commentaries on the crudeness of present practices.

Nature prescribes that the farmer's "goods" must be finished within two or three months of the year, while financial and storage limitations generally compel him to sell them at the same time. As a rule, other industries are in a continuous process of finishing goods for the markets; they distribute as they produce, and they can curtail production without too great injury to themselves or the community; but if the farmer restricts his output, it is with disastrous consequences, both to himself and to the community.

The average farmer is busy with production for the major part of the year, and has nothing to sell. The bulk of his output comes on the market at once. Because of lack of storage facilities and of financial support, the farmer cannot carry his goods through the year and dispose of them as they are currently needed. In the great majority of cases, farmers have to entrust storage—in warehouses and elevators—and the financial carrying of their products to others.

Farm products are generally marketed at a time when there is a congestion of both transportation and finance—when cars and money are scarce. The outcome, in many instances, is that the farmers not only sell under pressure, and therefore at a disadvantage, but are compelled to take further reductions in net returns, in order to meet the charges for the service of storing, transporting, financing, and ultimate marketing—which charges they claim, are often excessive, bear heavily on both consumer and producer, and are under the control of those performing the services. It is true that they are relieved of the risks of a changing market by selling at once; but they are quite will-

ing to take the unfavorable chance, if the favorable one also is theirs and they can retain for themselves a part of the service charges that are uniform, in good years and bad, with high prices and low.

While, in the main, the farmer must sell, regardless of market conditions, at the time of the maturity of crops, he cannot suspend production in toto. He must go on producing if he is to go on living, and if the world is to exist. The most he can do is to curtail production a little or alter its form, and that—because he is in the dark as to the probable demand for his goods—may be only to jump from the frying pan into the fire, taking the consumer with him.

Even the dairy farmers, whose output is not seasonal, complain that they find themselves at a disadvantage in the marketing of their productions, especially raw milk, because of the high costs of distribution, which they must ultimately bear.

Now that the farmers are stirring, thinking, and uniting as never before to eradicate these inequalities, they are subjected to stern economic lectures, and are met with the accusation that they are demanding, and are the recipients of, special privileges. Let us see what privileges the government has conferred on the farmers. Much has been made of Section 6 of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act, which purported to permit them to combine with immunity, under certain conditions. Admitting that, nominally, this exemption was in the nature of a special privilege,—though I think it was so in appearance rather than in fact,—we find that the courts have nullified it by judicial interpretation. Why should not the farmers be permitted to accomplish by co-operative methods what other businesses are already doing by co-operation in the form of incorporation? If it be proper for men to form, by fusion of existing corporations or otherwise, a corporation that controls the entire production of a commodity, or a large part of it, why is it not proper for a group of farmers to unite for the marketing of their common products, either in one or in several selling agencies? Why should it be right for a hundred thousand corporate shareholders to direct 25 or 30 or 40 per cent of an industry, and wrong for a hundred thousand co-operative farmers to control a no larger proportion of the wheat crop, or cotton, or any other product?

The Department of Agriculture is often spoken of as a special concession to the farmers, but in its commercial results, it is of as much benefit to the buyers and consumers of agricultural products as to the producers, or even more. I do not suppose that anyone opposes the benefits that the farmers derive from the educational and research work of the department, or the help that it gives them in working out improved cultural methods and practices, in developing better yielding varieties through breeding and selection, in introducing new varieties from remote parts of the world and adapting them to our climate and economic condition, and in devising practical measures for the elimination or control of dangerous and destructive animal and plant diseases, insect pests, and the like. All these things manifestly tend to stimulate and enlarge production, and their general beneficial effects are obvious.

It is complained that, whereas the law restricts Federal Reserve banks to three months' time for commercial paper, the farmer is allowed six months on his notes. This is not a special privilege, but merely such a recognition of business conditions as makes it possible for country people to do business with country people. The crop farmer has only one turn-over a year, while the merchant and manufacturer have many. Incidentally, I note that the Federal Reserve Board has just authorized the Federal Reserve banks to discount export paper for a period of six months, to conform to the nature of the business.

The Farm Loan banks are pointed to as an instance of special government favor for farmers. Are they not rather the outcome of laudable efforts to equalize rural and urban conditions? And about all the government does there is to help set up an administrative organization and lend a little credit at the start. Eventually the farmers will provide all the capital and carry all the liabilities themselves. It is true that Farm Loan bonds are tax exempt; but so are bonds of municipal light and traction plants, and new housing is to be exempt from taxation, in New York, for ten years.

On the other hand, the farmer reads of plans for municipal housing projects that run into the billions, of hundreds of millions annually spent on the merchant marine; he reads that the railroads are being favored with increased rates and virtual guarantees of earnings by the government, with the result to him of an increased toll on all that he sells and all that he buys. He hears of many manifestations of governmental concern for particular industries and interests. Rescuing the railroads from insolvency is undoubtedly for the benefit of the country as a whole, but what can be of more general benefit than encouragement of ample production of the principal necessities of life and their even flow from contented producers to satisfied consumers?

While it may be conceded that special governmental aid may be necessary in the general interest, we must all agree that it is difficult to see why agriculture and the production and distribution of farm products are not accorded the same opportunities that are provided for other businesses; especially as the enjoyment by the farmer of such opportunities would appear to be even more contributory to the gen-

eral good than in the case of other industries. The spirit of American democracy is unalterably opposed, alike to enacted special privilege and to the special privilege of unequal opportunity that arises automatically from the failure to correct glaring economic inequalities. I am opposed to the injection of government into business, but I do believe that it is an essential function of democratic government to equalize opportunity, so far as it is within its power to do so, whether by the repeal of archaic statutes or the enactment of modern ones. If the anti-trust laws keep the farmers from endeavoring scientifically to integrate their industry while other industries find a way to meet modern conditions without violating such statutes, then it would seem reasonable to find a way for the farmers to meet them under the same conditions. The law should operate equally in fact. Repealing the economic structure on one side is no injustice to the other side, which is in good repair.

We have traveled a long way from the old conception of government as merely a defensive and policing agency; and legislative, corrective, or equalizing legislation, which apparently is of a special nature, is often of the most general beneficial consequences. Even the First Congress passed a tariff act that was avowedly for the protection of manufacturers; but a protective tariff always has been defended as a means of promoting the general good through a particular approach; and the statute books are filled with acts for the benefit of shipping, commerce, and labor.

Now, what is the farmer asking? Without trying to catalogue the remedial measures that have been suggested in his behalf, the principal proposals that bear directly on the improvement of his distributing and marketing relations may be summarized as follows:

First: storage warehouses for cotton, wool, and tobacco, and elevators for grain, of sufficient capacity to meet the maximum demand on them at the peak of the marketing period. The farmer thinks that either private capital must furnish these facilities, or the state must erect and own the elevators and warehouses.

Second: weighing and grading of agricultural products, and certification thereof, to be done by impartial and disinterested public inspectors (this is already accomplished to some extent by the federal licensing of weighers and graders), to eliminate underpaying, overcharging, and unfair grading, and to facilitate the utilization of the stored products as the basis of credit.

Third: a certainty of credit sufficient to enable the marketing of products in an orderly manner.

Fourth: the Department of Agriculture should collect, tabulate, summarize, and regularly and frequently publish and distribute to the farmers, full information from all the markets of the world, so that they shall be as well informed of their selling position as buyers now are of their buying position.

Fifth: freedom to integrate the business of agriculture by means of consolidated selling agencies, co-ordinating and co-operating in such way as to put the farmer on an equal footing with the large buyers of his products, and with commercial relations in other industries.

When a business requires specialized talent, it has to buy it. So will the farmers; and perhaps the best way for them to get it would be to utilize some of the present machinery of the largest established agencies dealing in farm products. Of course, if he wishes, the farmer may go further and engage in flour-milling and other manufactures of food products. In my opinion, however, he would be wise to stop short of that. Public interest may be opposed to all great integrations; but, in justice, should they be forbidden to the farmer and permitted to others? The corporate form of association cannot now be wholly adapted to his objects and conditions. The looser co-operative form seems more generally suitable. Therefore, he wishes to be free, if he finds it desirable and feasible, to resort to co-operation with his fellows and neighbors, without running afoul of the law. To urge that the farmers should have the same liberty to consolidate and co-ordinate their peculiar economic functions, which other industries in their fields enjoy, is not, however, to concede that any business integration should have legislative sanction to exercise monopolistic power. The American people are as firmly opposed to industrial as to political autocracy, whether attempted by rural or by urban industry.

For lack of united effort the farmers as a whole are still marketing their crops by antiquated methods, or by no methods at all, but they are surrounded by a business world that has been modernized to the last minute and is tirelessly striving for efficiency. This efficiency is due in large measure to big business, to united business, to integrated business. The farmers now seek the benefits of such largeness, union and integration.

The American farmer is a modern of the moderns in the use of labor saving machinery, and he has made vast strides in recent years in scientific tillage and efficient farm management, but as a business in contact with other businesses agriculture is a "one horse shay" in competition with high power automobiles. The American farmer is the greatest and most intractable of individualists. While industrial production and all phases of the huge commercial mechanism and its myriad accessories have articulated and co-ordinated themselves all the way from natural raw materials to retail sales, the business of agriculture has gone on in much the one man fashion of the backwoods of the first part of the nineteenth century, when the farmer was

self sufficient and did not depend upon, or care very much, what the great world was doing. The result is that the agricultural group is almost as much at a disadvantage in dealing with other economic groups as the jay farmer of the funny pages in the hands of sleek urban confidence men, who sell him acreage in Central Park or the Chicago city hall. The leaders of the farmers' thoroughly understand this, and they are intelligently striving to integrate their industry so that it will be on an equal footing with other businesses.

As an example of integration, take the steel industry, in which the model is the United States Steel Corporation, with its iron mines, its coal mines, its lake and rail transportation, its ocean vessels, its by-product coke ovens, its blast furnaces, its open hearth and Bessemer furnaces, its rolling mills, its tube mills and other manufacturing processes that are carried to the highest degree of finished production compatible with the large trade it has built up. All this is generally conceded to be to the advantage of the consumer. Nor does the steel corporation inconsiderately dump its products on the market. On the contrary, it so acts that it is frequently a stabilizing influence, as is often the case with other large organizations. It is master of its distribution as well as of its production. If prices are not satisfactory the products are held back or production is reduced or suspended. It is not compelled to send a year's work to the market at one time and take whatever it can get under such circumstances. It has one selling policy and its own export department. Neither are the grades and qualities of steel determined at the caprice of the buyer, nor does the latter hold the scales. In this single integration of the steel corporation is represented about 40 per cent of the steel production of America. The rest is mostly in the hands of a few large companies. In ordinary times the steel corporation, by example, stabilizes all steel prices. If this is permissible (it is even desirable, because stable and fair prices are essential to solid and continued prosperity) why would it be wrong for the farmers to utilize central agencies that would have similar effects on agricultural products? Something like that is what they are aiming at.

Some farmers favored by regional compactness and contiguity, such as the citrus-fruit-raisers of California, already have found a way legally to merge and sell their products integrally and in accordance with seasonal and local demand, thus improving their position and rendering the consumer a reliable service of ensured quality, certain supply, and reasonable and relatively steady prices. They have not found it necessary to resort to any special privilege, or to claim any exemption under the anti-trust legislation of the state or nation. Without removing local control, they have built up a very efficient marketing agency. The grain, cotton, and tobacco farmers, and the producers of hides and wool, because of their numbers and the vastness of their regions, and for other reasons, have found integration a more difficult task; though there are now some thousands of farmer's co-operative elevators, warehouses, creameries, and other enterprises of one sort and another, with a turn-over of a billion dollars a year. They are giving the farmers business experience and training, and, so far as they go, they meet the need of honest weighing and fair grading; but they do not meet the requirements of rationally adjusted marketing in any large and fundamental way.

The next step, which will be a pattern for other groups, is now being prepared by the grain-raisers through the establishment of sales media which shall handle grain separately or collectively as the individual farmer may elect. It is this step—the plan of the Committee of Seventeen—which has created so much opposition and is thought by some to be in conflict with the anti-trust laws. Though there is now before congress a measure designed to clear up doubt on this point, the grain-producers are not relying on any immunity from anti-trust legislation. They desire, and they are entitled, to co-ordinate their efforts just as effectively as the large business interests of the country have done. In connection with the selling organizations the United States Grain Growers Incorporated is drafting a scheme of financing instrumentalities and auxiliary agencies which are indispensable to the successful utilization of modern business methods.

It is essential that the farmers should proceed gradually with these plans, and aim to avoid the error of scrapping the existing marketing machinery, which has been so laboriously built up by long experience, before they have a tried and proved substitute or supplementary mechanism. They must be careful not to become enmeshed in their own reforms and lose the perspective of their place in the national system. They must guard against fanatical devotion to new doctrines, and should seek articulation with the general economic system rather than its reckless destruction as it relates to them.

To take a tolerant and sympathetic view of the farmers' strivings for better things is not to give a blanket endorsement to any specific plan, and still less to applaud the vagaries of some of their leaders and groups. Neither should we, on the other hand, allow the froth of bitter agitation, false economics, and mistaken radicalism to conceal the facts of the farmers' disadvantages, and the practicability of eliminating them by well-considered measures. It may be that the farmers will not show the business sagacity and develop the wise leadership to carry through sound plans; but that possibility does not justify the

obstruction of their upward efforts. We, as city people, see in high and speculatively manipulated prices, spoilage, waste, scarcity, the results of defective distribution of farm products. Should it not occur to us that we have a common interest with the farmer in his attempts to attain a degree of efficiency in distribution corresponding to his efficiency in production? Do not the recent fluctuations in the May wheat option, apparently unrelated to normal interaction of supply and demand, offer a timely proof of the need of some such stabilizing agency as the grain growers have in contemplation?

It is contended that, if their proposed organizations be perfected and operated, the farmers will have in their hands an instrument that will be capable of dangerous abuse. We are told that it will be possible to pervert it to arbitrary and oppressive price-fixing from its legitimate use of ordering and stabilizing the flow of farm products to the market, to the mutual benefit of producer and consumer. I have no apprehensions on this point.

In the first place, a loose organization, such as any union of farmers must be at best, cannot be so arbitrarily and promptly controlled as a great corporation. The one is a lumbering democracy and the other an agile autocracy. In the second place, with all possible power of organization, the farmers cannot succeed to any great extent, or for any considerable length of time, in fixing prices. The great law of supply and demand works in various and surprising ways, to the undoing of the best laid plans that attempt to foil it. In the third place, their power will avail the farmers nothing if it be abused. In our time and country power is of value to its possessor only so long as it is not abused. It is fair to say that I have seen no signs in responsible quarters of a disposition to dictate prices. There seems, on the contrary, to be a commonly beneficial purpose to realize a stability that will give an orderly and abundant flow of farm products to the consumer and ensure reasonable and dependable returns to the producer.

In view of the supreme importance to the national well-being of a prosperous and contented agricultural population, we should be prepared to go a long way in assisting the farmers to get an equitable share of the wealth they produce, through the inauguration of reforms that will procure a continuous and increasing stream of farm products. They are far from getting a fair share now. Considering his capital and the long hours of labor put in by the average farmer and his family, he is remunerated less than any other occupational class, with the possible exception of teachers, religious and lay. Though we know that the present general distress of the farmers is exceptional and is linked with the inevitable economic readjustment following the war, it must be remembered that, although representing one-third of the industrial product and half the total population of the nation, the rural communities ordinarily enjoy but a fifth to a quarter of the net annual national gain. Notwithstanding the taste of prosperity that the farmers had during the war, there is today a lower standard of living among the cotton farmers of the South than in any other pursuit in the country.

In conclusion, it seems to me that the farmers are chiefly striving for a generally beneficial integration of their business, of the same kind and character that other business enjoys. If it should be found on examination that the attainment of this end requires methods different from those which other activities have followed for the same purpose should we not sympathetically consider the plea for the right to co-operate, if only from our own enlightened self interest, in obtaining an abundant and steady flow of farm products?

In examining the agricultural situation with a view to its improvement, we shall be most helpful if we maintain a detached and judicial viewpoint, remembering that existing wrongs may be chiefly an accident of unsymmetrical economic growth instead of a creation of malevolent design and conspiracy. We Americans are prone, as Professor David Friday well says in his admirable book, "Profits, Wages and Prices," to seek a "criminal intent behind every difficult and undesirable economic situation." I can positively assert from my contact with men of large affairs, including bankers, that, as a whole, they are endeavoring to fulfill as they see them the obligations that go with their power. Preoccupied with the grave problems and heavy tasks of their own immediate affairs, they have not turned their thoughtful personal attention or their constructive abilities to the deficiencies of agricultural business organization. Agriculture, it may be said, suffers from their preoccupation and neglect rather than from any purposeful exploitation by them. They ought now to begin to respond to the farmers' difficulties, which they must realize are their own.

On the other hand, my contacts with the farmers have filled me with respect for them—for their sanity, their patience, their balance. Within the last year, and particularly at a meeting called by the Kansas State Board of Agriculture and at another called by the Committee of Seventeen, I have met many of the leaders of the new farm movement, and I testify in all sincerity that they are endeavoring to deal with their problems, not as promoters of a narrow class interest, not as exploiters of the hapless consumer, not as merciless monopolists, but as honest men bent on the improvement of the common weal.

We can and must meet such men and such a cause half way. Their business is our business—the nation's business.

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Randall Parrish



This son of Illinois is one of the most prolific and successful of American writers. Aided by a fertile imagination, his own career and experiences have furnished plots in abundance. Educated for the law, he has been plainsman, prospector, miner, country editor, city reporter and novelist, and has also taken a dip into commercial waters. Many kinds of life are depicted in his books, but he doubtless shows to best advantage in stories of the West. You are sure to like his "Comrades of Peril," a true western narrative which soon will be reproduced serially in these columns.

Kentucky Children Orphan's Home.

Louisville, Ky.—The 160 children housed in the old row of residences in the city, which for 25 years had been the domicile of the Kentucky Children's Home Society, have moved to the country. They have left behind them the noise and bustle, to romp and play over the great farm at Lyndon, Ky. They have moved into their cottage village. From out of strange casements that cold gray day last week, 160 little faces peered with the first streaks of dawn, to look out upon entirely new fields.

In automobiles furnished by the Kiwanis Club, the children made the 15 mile journey from the old quarters on Baxter Avenue, into the land of childhood's fancy and dreams. At one o'clock in the afternoon, the first automobile rolled up before the door of the old home, then came another automobile, another, the long line stretching into the distance.

Wild cheers resounded from each upstairs window to greet the Kiwanians and then the clatter of running feet was the forewarning of the crowd of surging humanity that swirled out of door and about the machines.

The dream of a life time had been realized.

Many of the children learned for the first time the unhampered delight of great, open fields to romp across; these were the children committed from Louisville and other Kentucky cities. Still others were but returning to fields they loved. They were children from the mountains, the coal fields and other rural sections of the state. These latter had known only that depressing poverty of rural life before being taken in under the protection of the Society.

A prohibition officer has issued orders revoking permits to the D. L. Moore distillery at Vanarsdale and the Belle of Anderson at Lawrenceburg.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 12

ELISHA AND THE SHUNAMMITE WOMAN

LESSON TEXT—II Kings 4:8-37.
GOLDEN TEXT—Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live.—John 5:25.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—John 11:1-46.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Elisha Brings a Boy to Life.

JUNIOR TOPIC—How Elisha Brought a Boy to Life.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Elisha Helping in a Home.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Our Ministry of Comfort and Help.

1. The Shunammite's Hospitality to Elisha (vv. 8-11).

1. Its occasion (v. 8). A wealthy woman of Shunem, observing that Elisha passed continually by her house in his journeys, was moved with compassion toward him. She determined according to her ability to supply his needs.

2. Its nature (vv. 8-11). "She constrained him to eat bread" (vv. 8-9). As a result of her earnest entreaty, as often as he passed by her house he turned in to eat bread. She received a prophet in the name of a prophet.

II. Elisha Endeavors to Repay Her Kindness (vv. 12-17).

1. He offers to ask a favor from the king or head of the army (v. 13). This offer implies that Elisha had influence at the royal court. The woman's reply shows her truly to be a great woman. She did not desire to change the calm and quiet of her home for a place even in the royal court. Her answer also shows that her motive in extending generosity to the prophet was entirely unselfish, purely because he was God's prophet.

2. Elisha announces the giving of a son to her (vv. 16, 17). Through inquiry of Gehazi it was discovered that this woman was childless. So the prophet made known to her that in about a year from that time she should experience the joy of a mother.

III. The Coming of Sorrow to the Shunammite's Home (vv. 18-21).

The child which brought joy to her home was suddenly taken away. How many homes are like this! Scarcely do we begin to enjoy life until death enters and snatches away some loved one. The cause of his death was probably sunstroke, for the heat of the sun at harvest time in this country is very intense. When the boy complained of his head, the father sent him home to his mother. By noon the child died and the mother laid him upon the bed of the man of God. Faith prompted her to do this. She did not make preparation for burial, but for restoration to life (Heb. 11:35).

IV. The Mother Goes to Elisha (vv. 22-28).

When one is in trouble or sorrow the best place to go is to the man of God who is able to give counsel and comfort. Happy is the one who in the days of prosperity and sunshine has so related himself to God and His prophets that he can have help and sympathy in time of trouble.

1. She took hold of Elisha's feet (v. 27). This was the eastern way of enforcing a petition. She passed by Gehazi. She would not be content with the servant when the master could be reached.

2. She chided the prophet (v. 28). "Did I desire a son?" This implies that it would have been better not to have had a child than to have lost him so soon.

V. The Child Restored (vv. 28-37).

1. Gehazi's fruitless errand (vv. 28-31). He hurried away and placed the prophet's staff upon the child's face, but it did not revive. Perhaps the fault lay in Gehazi—his lack of faith. The woman seemed to perceive his lack; she would not trust him. She would not go until Elisha was willing to go along. This fruitless errand of Gehazi shows the worthlessness of the forms of religion when used by those who have no faith in them.

2. Elisha's efficient service (vv. 32-37). He went to the house where the dead child was. (1) He prayed (v. 33). He knew that no one but God could help, so he closed the door, shutting all others out. Our service to men should be preceded by prayer. (2) He stretched himself upon the child (v. 34). He brought his warm body into touch with the cold body of the child. God blesses and saves through the warm touch of those who are in touch with Him. After we pray we should get into actual touch with those dead in trespasses and sin. God's method of saving the world is through the ministry of saved men and women.

A Daily Prayer.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.—Psalm 139:13-14.

Wickedness As a Fire.

Wickedness burneth as a fire; it shall devour the briars and thorns.—Isaiah, 9:18.

RENE MARAN



Rene Maran, a negro official of the French colonial administration, has been awarded the Prix Goncourt for 1922 for his novel, "Batoula," which exposes conditions of negro life in French Africa.

RIOT GREET'S PRINCE

Armored Cars Crush Outbreak Over Wales at Madras.

Many Casualties in the Fighting—Heavy Moplah Battle in Malabar District.

London, Jan. 16.—Serious rioting greeted the prince of Wales at Madras, according to dispatches made public here. It is admitted the rioting became so intense the police used armored cars against the mobs. There were a number of casualties.

The prince was not harmed. Despite official assertions that the Moplah rebellion has been put down in the Malabar district of India word was received from Allahabad that a battle had been fought near Tottak between the Indians and British troops with heavy casualties.

Five hundred rebels under Konna-ras Thangal, after killing two Hindu women and ravaging the countryside, are entrenched in the Edmorekam hill country. British soldiers are surrounding them and a battle is expected.

The rebel chiefs Chembrasser Thangal and Seethkoya Thangal and four followers have been executed by the British at Malpuram, said a dispatch from Calcutt.

HUNT FOR ENTOMBED MINERS

Rescue Parties Work All Night to Reach Men Near Scranton, Pa.—One Body Found.

Scranton, Pa., Jan. 16.—The rescue parties at the National Mine of the Glen Alden Coal company worked in relays throughout the night trying to reach the three men entombed since Friday.

The workers were in charge of W. W. Inglis, president of the company. They came upon the body of Michael Kelly, a laborer. This spurred them on to new efforts and led to the hope that the missing men might be found near by. The task was very hazardous and the workers had to move with great caution, because of the danger of further cave-ins. The change of rescuing the three men alive grew fainter as the hours passed. The fact that no sounds have been heard from the section of the mine where the men were trapped leads to the belief that they are dead.

ARMENIANS TO QUIT TURKEY

Entire Population Has Decided to Evacuate Country—Ships to Transport 120,000 Asked.

Geneva, Jan. 16.—Paul Hymans, president of the council of the League of Nations, presented to the council a telegram which Cardinal Mercier, primate of Belgium, had received from the protestant community and the Armenian Catholic patriarchate of Constantinople, stating that the entire Armenian population had decided to evacuate the country. The telegram urgently appealed for vessels to transport 120,000 persons.

VIVIANI REFUSES NEW POST

Former Premier of France Won't Accept Place in Cabinet Being Formed by Poincare.

Paris, Jan. 16.—M. Poincare, in his task of forming a French cabinet to succeed the Briand ministry, asked former Premier Rene Viviani to accept the post of minister of justice, with the vice presidency of the cabinet, but M. Viviani refused the portfolio, it was officially announced.

WILL H. HAYS TO QUIT SOON

Postmaster General Will Resign Cabinet to Accept \$150,000 Movie Job, Says White House.

Washington, Jan. 16.—Postmaster General Will H. Hays will resign from the cabinet in the near future to accept a \$150,000 offer with a group of moving picture interests, it was announced at the White House.

U. S. Must Share In World War.

Pinning his faith on the deathless epigram that "A house divided against itself cannot stand," Melvin A. Traylor, president of the First Trust and Savings bank, today sounded a warning against exuberant American business patriotism.

When one-half of the world goes down and the other half goes up it is time to sit up and take notice of the miracle, he believes. Russia, Germany and central Europe portray parties of the first half and the American continents parties of second half. Great Britain, France and western Europe stand betwix and between.

"It seems to me that opinion in the United States toward the financial situation in Europe is changing more than we realize, at least among bankers and business men," declared Mr. Traylor. "People are coming to understand the seriousness of the situation and the inevitable fact that the United States bears a great responsibility in it."

"If we do not take our place in European politico-economics I foresee a seven-year period of falling prices in the United States, which also means that profits, dissatisfaction and unemployment. Optimistic predictions that American business has already turned the corner seem to me totally unjustified.

"It seems trite to repeat the fact that the causes of depression are international and that any remedy which will cure them cannot come from one country alone—that is from the United States. Yet millions of people in this country do not understand this axiom. They expect normal conditions to return to us with a bland disregard for the rest of the world.

Undoubtedly the United States can struggle through alone and go on living if the rest of the world collapses, but at a price, a heavy price. It would mean a return to the standard of living of 100 years ago. The others would decline at the expense of the country. An enormous portion of the material comfort of which we are now so proud would have to disappear."

Mr. Traylor is convinced that finance and economics cannot be walled off from politics, as many statesmen have chosen to assume. In such a titanic task as the reconstitution of the world they must act together, and that can be done, he thinks, only by some sort of association of nations.

"I have never traveled outside the United States," he said, "and I assume that I am a good 100 percent American, yet I think that the mischief done in congress during the fight against President Wilson and the treaty of Versailles will take twenty-five years or more to unravel. Political passion excited an incredible amount of aversion for sound business principles. Millions of people were convinced of evil where no evil existed."

L. H. Jones

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist of a Special attention given Disease Domestic Animals.

Office at Residence, 1 mile of town, on Jamestown road.

Columbia, Ky.

Cumberland County Oil News.

[BY T. EARLE [WILLIAMS.]

The No. 2 on the L. D. Potts farm, in Irish Bottom, is reported to have been drilled in, but owing to the lack of telephone communication the report has not been verified.

The Nos. 1 and 2 on the Frank Radford farm were shot last week but the results of the shooting has not yet been determined.

The E. J. Schabelitz Oil Co., are drilling at 425 feet in their No. 1, on the A. A. Morrison farm, on Dry Fork of Brush Creek. This test will be drilled to the "lower Sunny Brook" sand, and is being watched with considerable interest by the oil fraternity here. It is located about a mile east of the Brush Creek pool and if oil is found will mean a considerable extension of that field and cause quite a renewal of activities [there. It should come in by the] last of the week.

The McClintock Oil Co., No. 1, on the Wm. Ragel farm on the Wm. Ragel farm, on the Vaughn Fork of Bear Creek, is drilling at 250 feet, and should be in by time this goes to press. The test is a mile east of the wells on Bear Creek and will mean a considerable extension of that pool should oil be found.

The same people are now moving to a location on the G. W. Coop, Jr., farm, and about 450 feet north of the No. 1, on said farm—they being required to resume operations there at this time by the terms of the lease.

The No. 1 on the Coop farm after being pumped daily for two weeks was put on a twenty-four hour test and pumped 102 barrels of oil, and at the end of the test was pumping at the same rate per hour as when it began and with no decrease in

pressure or change of standing of oil in the well.

S. S. Wilson has cased off the pay he found at 165 feet, in the No. 2, on the G. W. Coop, Sr., farm, and is awaiting the arrival of additional tools with which to drill it deeper.

The repairs for Lynch, Wick and McKees rig were shipped some time ago and have been lost in transit, but are expected daily, and upon their arrival those people will commence operations on their part of the G. W. Coop, Sr., lands.

As a result of the activity and favorable developments on Sulphur Creek operators are turning their attentions to the adjoining territory and it is quite certain that tests will be made within the next few months on Kettle Creek on Judio and Gallo-way Creeks and vicinity. There is some splendid structures that have never been tested in that section of the county and without a doubt some good results will be obtained there.

Last week we announced that the "South Kentucky Oil & Gas Co., had let a contract for a well to be drilled on the Maud Blythe farm, on Kettle Creek, work to commence immediately upon arrival of the tools." The same people have contracted with the Coe Brothers, of Tompkinsville, to drill a well on the Millard Kerr farm, and about two miles from the "Blyths" farm, work to commence by Feb. 11th. The same company has also let a contract for a well to be drilled on the Anderson farm (which joins the Kerr farm) work to commence at an early date. In the next issue we expect to be able to announce plans for more development work in that section.

C. A. Gartlan, of Lexington, Ky., will start work on his No. 1 on the Wix Donaldson farm, near Neely's Ferry, immediately. Mr. Tom Gartlan, of Monti-

cello, will arrive here Sunday and will have charge of the work.

We have no report on the No. 1 on the James Williams farm, on Casey's Fork, of Marrowbone Creek, and of the No. 1, on the Tom Garves farm, in the Salt Lick Bend, more than that "both are drilling."

Battle Ground, Ind.

Editor News:

We thank you very much for continuing the News for we want it to come on. Find enclosed money order for \$2.00 for renewal. Well, we are sure having winter weather here. 20 below zero, but we are standing it fine. We are all well. Will some one please report to the News how Mrs. Mildred Winfrey is getting along, as I don't hear very often. I believe Miss Katie Taylor would do this for me. I certainly would appreciate and thank her very much

Respectfully,
Mrs. D. H. Bloyd.

North Columbia.

So far as we are able to state at this writing, the health of the community is very good.

What few of our farmers who didn't get rich last year, are making a start toward another crop.

For the benefit of those who love fleas, flies, "skeeters" and other pestiferous insects too numerous to mention, we see no reason why they shouldn't be gratified after this soft winter.

Mrs. Myrtle Rice, of near Cane Valley, visited W. F. Squires and family several days last week.

Miss Della Smith, who made up a large order for a manufacturing company, recently, has been very busy delivering to those who composed the order.

Uncle Joe says he can't see

"It is better to have it and not need it, than to need it and not have it."

Business Conditions Of To-Day

Demand that Your Property be protected, to the fullest extent, against all hazards of loss.

This Agency Protects its customers against every form of loss, at No Added Expense. It furnishes expert Fire Prevention SERVICE.

REED BROS.
Insure in All Its Branches.

FORDSON

The FORD MOTOR CO., announces a reduction in price of Fordson Tractor, effective Friday, Jan. 27, 1922.

NEW PRICE	1921 PRICE	1920 PRICE
\$395.00	\$625.00	\$850.00
f. o. b. Detroit	f. o. b. Detroit	f. o. b. Detroit.

You can see from the above that the FORDSON price is now less than half of what it was in 1920, costing very little more than an eight or ten horse power gas engines. We are only allotted 12 Tractors for Adair County this year. Every progressive farmer should own a FORDSON. Let us explain to you how you can own one of the famous FORDSONS, with a small Cash Payment, balance on easy terms. We will be glad to give you a demonstration on your farm to prove what a wonderful helper and time saver it is. Ask any of your neighbors that have one, what he thinks of it. We believe that it will only be a short time before we have orders for this year's allotment. Think it over and let us have your order.

Buchanan-Lyon Co., Inc.
COLUMBIA. CAMPBELLSVILLE.

why whisky is so much higher since the government took the tax off.

George Smith had bad dreams the other night, but won't let us tell what he dreamed.

We understand that Mr. Dewey Smith is learning to be a traveling man.

We neglected to tell about Cecil Willis getting one of his big toes slightly burned early last fall. We didn't aim to do that. We realize that the public has a right to know of such things as that.

We hope Mr. James Garrison will consent to sing again at Hutchison schoolhouse. We certainly enjoyed the singing there the other night.

The last time we saw Fred Murray he was trying to look just like Daniel Banker.

John Squires says the saddest parting he ever experienced was when he had to part from a good fire that cold morning and go to work.

Uncle Joe hurt George Hood's feelings very much by speaking of him as his closest neighbor, but he explained to George that he didn't mean that he was his stingiest neighbor.

Mr. Luther Smith, our local merchant, is doing a good business and thinks he will have to enlarge his store building.

The divorce ratio has increased 20 per cent in the United States in the last ten years.

Forest fires in the United States burn enough wood to supply one hundred thousand homes.



Come in and Hear the March Amberol Records

- | | |
|--|---|
| 4456 Bonnie Maggie Tamm
Glen Ellison | 4469 My Mother's Evening Prayer
George Wilton Ballard |
| 4457 Wonderland of Dreams—Viola
Rae Kleaner Hall | 4470 Weep No More (My Mammy)
—Fox Trot Harry
Raderman's Jazz Orchestra |
| 4458 In My Heart, On My Mind All
Day Long—and I Wonder If You
Still Care For Me—Tylphon
Signor Lou Chiba "Frisco" | 4471 Tuck Me To Sleep (In My Old
Kentucky Home)—Tylphon
Signor Lou Chiba "Frisco" |
| 4459 Dapper Dan
Billy Jones and Ernest Hare | 4472 Leave Me With A Smile—Fox
Trot Club de Vingt Orchestra |
| 4460 There's Only One Pal After All
Edward Allen | 4473 Ka-las—Medley Fox Trot (In-
tro.) "Blue Danube Blues" from
Good Morning Dearie
Broadway Dance Orchestra |
| 4461 It's You—Fox Trot
Rudy Wiedoeft's Californians | 4474 That's How I Believe In You—
Irish Eyes Walter Scanlan |
| 4462 A Mother's Crown
Margaret A. Froer | 4475 Dream Of Your Smile—Fox
Trot Harry Raderman's
Jazz Orchestra |
| 4463 Yorktown's Centennial March
United States Marine Band | 4476 When Shall We Meet Again
Glady Rice and Lewis James |
| 4464 The Shop Girl (A Department
Store Scene) Justine Roberts | 4477 I've Got My Habits On—Al
Bernard and Vernon Dalhart |
| 4465 Tea Cup Girl—Fox Trot Lens-
berg's Riverside Orchestra | 4478 Tomorrow Land
Charles Hartland Lewis James |
| 4466 Jesus, I Come To Thee—John
Young and Frederick Wheeler | 4479 Down In Midnight Town
Premier Quartet |
| 4467 Remember The Rose
Betty Lane Shepherd and
Lewis James | 4480 If You Like Me, Like I Like
You
Lewis James |
| 4468 Little Min-nie-Hal-Hal (Be My
Little Injun Squaw)
Isabelle Patricia | |

HERBERT TAYLOR
COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY.

Farming Implements.

I have a few more Vulcan Harrows, Rastus Plows, Double Shoevel, Lay Off Plows, all kinds of Vulcan Repairs. Steel Singletrees and Doubletrees, Second-hand Section Harrows and Two Row Corn Plows. Will sell at a bargain.

L. M. SMITH
Cane Valley, Kentucky.

Advertise in The News if you wish to sell or buy.